

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

Samuel French Acting Edition

Cape Disappointment

by

Hannah Bos & Paul Thureen

Developed by

Oliver Butler

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

SAMUELFRENCH.CO.UK

Copyright © 2013 by Hannah Bos and Paul Thureen
Cover Image by Ryan Jensen Photography
All Rights Reserved

CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-70045-3

www.SamuelFrench.com

www.SamuelFrench.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Info@SamuelFrench.com

1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

Plays@SamuelFrench.co.uk

020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT was first produced by The Debate Society at Performance Space 122 in New York City in November 2008, with scenic design by Karl Allen, lighting design by Mike Riggs, sound design and original music by Nathan Leigh, costume design by Sydney Maresca, projection design and editing by Casimir Nozkowski, animation by Tony Candelaria and Stef Choi, and voice-overs by Hal Douglas and Brian Grosz. Stage management was by Hope Bowman, with assistant stage management by Shelley Miles. The original set concept was developed by Amanda Rehbein and The Debate Society. It was directed by Oliver Butler. The cast was as follows:

- FEMALE 1** Hannah Bos
- FEMALE 2** Pamela Payton-Wright
- MALE 1** Paul Thureen
- MALE 2** Michael Cyril Creighton

CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT was developed with the support of chashama, the CUNY Prelude Festival, Dixon Place and The Fusebox Festival and made possible in part by grants from The Greenwall Foundation, The Puffin Foundation, The Mancini Foundation, and public funds from the Fund for Creative Communities, supported by the New York Stage Council on the Arts and administered by the Lower Manhattan Cultural Council. Gilda’s Club served as a community sponsor for the premiere production.

CHARACTERS

Four Actors play all of the roles:

FEMALE 1 - Hannah, Mary, Little Girl, Mavis

FEMALE 2 - One-Arm, Aunt Gracie, Make-Up Lady

MALE 1 - Paul, Pedophile, Evert, MC

MALE 2 - Jack, Russell, Florence, Movie Theater Guy

NOTES ON *CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT*

At various points throughout the play we have indicated “Driving Interludes”. During these sections we manipulated miniature cars with headlights across the dark landscape (like a wide shot in a film). These sections served to cover time for costume changes while also throwing in some cinematic visual vocabulary. You are welcome to fill the time as needed with sound or visual story.

- The Debate Society

(Preshow – Sunset, Fireflies)

(Highway sounds are heard far in the distance. Crickets. One or two fireflies. Dark. The stage is an old abandoned drive-in movie theater. Drive-in speakers are scattered throughout the audience, dangling on their posts, wires cut and frayed.)

Detroit

(A mini-play before the “feature”.)

(PAUL (very tall) and HANNAH (very short) stand side by side. Stationary. Never quite looking at each other. They are dressed early 20th century fancy.)

PAUL. Detroit is our hometown!

HANNAH. And we love it!

PAUL. We sure know a lotta things about Detroit.

HANNAH. The best way to see Detroit is in a hot air balloon I'd think.

PAUL. Some facts about Detroit.

HANNAH. Twelve American presidents are buried in Detroit.

PAUL. There have been more World's Fairs in Detroit than any other city.

HANNAH. Detroit is the birthplace of those sensational Robinson Quints.

PAUL. In 1873 a severe cholera outbreak decimated London mere months after a typhoon washed away half of Peking. For the two years following, Detroit was the world's most populous city.

HANNAH. Detroit has some of the tallest buildings in the world.

PAUL. *(flirty)* But the smaller ones are known for their beauty and elegance.

HANNAH. *(blushing)* Well, I don't know about that –

PAUL. As many know, the city of Detroit radiates in concentric circles from a central lake. Though almost perfectly round, it is a natural lake and on still and sunny days hot air balloonists enjoy congregating over the lake and looking down at their reflections.

HANNAH. They call the lake, Mirror Lake.

PAUL. Well, that's just our nickname for it.

HANNAH. But maybe they call it that too.

PAUL. Yeah. Electromagnetism was invented in Detroit.

HANNAH. Cars too. I like hot air balloons.

PAUL. The streets became so crowded with speeding automobiles that pleasure-walkers feared being smeared alongside the stone buildings.

HANNAH. The car is king in Detroit.

PAUL. Ooo...Detroit is a city of slogans.

HANNAH. "Detroit: The city of windows."

PAUL. "Detroit: Where people are FROM."

HANNAH. "Detroit: Where I live."

PAUL. "Detroit: It's a city!"

HANNAH. "Hot Dog...Detroit!"

PAUL. It has been said that Detroit has so many slogans that if they were placed end to end –

HANNAH. Oh!... "Detroit: You said it!"

PAUL. "Detroit: It takes one to know one!"

HANNAH. "Dolphins love it. Welcome to Detroit!"

PAUL. "Guess where you are...Detroit!"

HANNAH. "Detroit: Taste It!"

PAUL. (*overlapping*) "Detroit: When you're here, you're in Detroit", "The City of Cities", "Detroit: Where people go", "The Boyhood Home of Mark Twain", "You'll know you are in Detroit when you get here", "Detroit: Our Days Are Numbered", "Yer in Detroit", "Try Detroit", "Detroit: Try It", "Welcome to Detroit".

HANNAH. (*overlapping*) "Detroit, where cars and stars are born", "Detroit: The little Great Britain", "Welcome to Detroit", "I'll See You In Detroit", "The Watch Capital of Tomorrow", "It's Detroit!", "I try Detroit", "Detroit: the city of people who try", "Home of Beth the Duck".

HANNAH. (*pause*) Tell me about the "Sweetheart Package".

PAUL. Well – on the outskirts of the city, engaged couples would put on their suits and dresses and take to the sky in hot air balloons. One thousand feet above the forests they would be married. Sometimes the sky was

just full of wedding parties. When the ceremony was finished and their ride was complete, they would find a nearby field to land in and celebrate with a picnic and dancing amongst the sugar beets. An extra bottle of champagne was provided to smooth things over with irritated farmers.

HANNAH. "Brides 'n' Grooms in Hot Air Balloons". (*singing*) Brides...Mmmm...Bri-briiiiides...

(*PAUL puts finger to ear and starts humming, trying to find the right tone. He joins in and together they sing "Brides 'n' Grooms in Hot Air Balloons". Then, maybe, they sing it a second time.*)

HANNAH & PAUL.

BRIDES 'N' GROOMS IN HOT AIR BALLOONS

SWINGING HIGH ALL AFTERNOON.

SHOULDN'T WE, COULDN'T WE, I AIN'T GOING BACK

'TIL YOU KISS ME.

HANNAH. Oh, I *loved* the Detroit Metropolitan Symphony.

PAUL. You know they used to say that many of Detroit's children were a result of their weekly live radio broadcasts. (*Slow smiles. This is as scandalous as it gets for them.*)

HANNAH. Back then that was the only program there was in Detroit.

PAUL. *But* if the evening was perfectly clear we might be lucky enough to catch a hint of a broadcast coming in from a far off place like...Los Angeles. (*pronounced old-timey exotic: "Lohs An-Ga-Leez"*)

HANNAH. Or Elkhart.

(*Recording of radio program begins. They listen.*)

RECORDING. From Hollywood. Barry Sullivan in... (*static*). And now Mr. Barry Sullivan, outstanding motion picture and stage star in a drama of *The Unexpected*, titled: *Mercy Killing*. (*voice of another radio performer*) My name is Arnold Stanton. I've been married for twelve years. All our friends say that Evelyn and I are an ideal couple,

devoted to each other. But a few minutes ago as I came through the front door...I decided to murder my wife.

(As music swells, it fades into static. HANNAH and PAUL sway to pick up a signal, but to no avail. The static fades. They stand in silence.)

HANNAH. Wait, what happened?

PAUL. Remember, that's when the clouds rolled in. We didn't hear the rest.

HANNAH. "Detroit: The city of bridges."

PAUL. "Detroit: When you're here, you're in Detroit!"

(Things slow down after this point. And get quieter. Lights begin to fade revealing tiny lit windows all over Hannah and Paul's costumes. They are buildings.)

HANNAH. Tell me where the bridges were.

PAUL. Detroit: Where every –

HANNAH. All the buildings are empty.

PAUL. Detroit:...

(At this point they are still and inaudible. Their mouths still move. Hot-air balloons drift across the stage.)

The Drive-In Slowly Starts to Come Alive

(silence)

*(A faint bit of static comes through two or three speakers.
Then more static with a little bit of ghostly language.
Possibly:)*

AUNT GRACIE. They'll never forget you, Florence.

(sound cuts out)

(silence)

(The Drive-In sign turns on and off with sounds of electricity being fed to it.)

(Speakers in the house pop and crackle.)

(In the dark, coming out of all the speakers, we hear:)

VOICEOVER. Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to the show. For the comfort and convenience of our patrons we hope you'll refrain from loud talking and roughhousing, turn off your headlights and anything else that will disturb the other patrons, and keep an eye on your children. Now please sit back, relax, refrain from loud talking and roughhousing...and enjoy our Feature Presentation.

Peacock

(A beautiful peacock emerges from behind the fence. It spreads its glorious feathers. A gunshot blows its head off.)

Pedophile – Flash of Solo Drive

*(Quick cut to the **PEDOPHILE** driving through the night. He has a bloody gauze eye patch. He's listening to the baseball game. The lights flicker like a ghost or film. Or a ghost film.)*

Brother and Sister – Run Out of Gas

(JACK and MARY drive and listen to music. JACK is behind the wheel.)

JACK. Mother packed us sandwiches.

MARY. I know.

JACK. You want one?

MARY. No thank you.

JACK. Can you fetch one for me?

MARY. Sure.

JACK. You keeping an eye out for the turn-off?

MARY. Yes. There's that windmill right before the turn.

(She unwraps a sandwich and hands it to him. He takes a bite.)

JACK. Sorta tastes off to me.

MARY. Just eat the bread then and the mustard. You can pick something up at the train station.

(JACK hands the sandwich back to MARY.)

JACK. Oh! Did I tell ya the swell news about Tommy Wheeler?

MARY. No.

JACK. He broke both his wrist and his right leg!

MARY. Golly, Jack that's terrible.

JACK. Well, gee, it is but it isn't too. He was climbing near the quarry and just started showing off and fell. I think Eleanor and Charlotte were there.

MARY. Eleanor and Charlotte were there?

JACK. Yeah, anyways turns out –

MARY. Jack, roll up your window a little.

JACK. So it turns out he's out for the whole summer. So, now I'm Mr. Dobbs' right hand man at the Five and Dime! I get to do all the inventory and the back to school sale. I'm gonna make loads with all those hours, Mary.

MARY. Well that *is* swell, Jack. You can finally pay me back the two bucks you owe me.

JACK. Wait a second, Mary. I thought you knocked off a quarter cause I didn't tell Mom about that...thing.

(silence)

MARY. Oh, yeah. We did work that out, didn't we? So, we're down to one dollar and seventy-five cents. *(noticing a billboard)* Gee, there's another one! *(sings slogan)* "When yer in a pickle, sprinkle it on,"

MARY & JACK. *(unison)* "Dill's Talcum."

MARY. Mother is making me a dress based on that magazine photo of Betty Daphornie. Where she's in that last scene with the dying lamb in *Never Say Ever*. She's so graceful and elegant. Course my dress is going to be made from Thelma's winter curtains. They have a little sun damage but not too bad. Mother picked up some –

JACK. They say Aunt Gracie is a loony now, huh?

MARY. That's not a very nice thing to say, Jack.

JACK. Well it's true Mary. Dad said her mind's gone. That should make the ride back home a real thrill.

MARY. She used to be so funny when we were little. It's just so sad.

JACK. Sounds like she's a different kind of funny now.

(MARY turns off radio.)

MARY. Oh Jack, I wish you wouldn't say things like that.

(They drive in silence for a while.)

JACK. I wonder if that's going to happen to Mother.

MARY. Jack! She's much older than Mother.

JACK. I guess.

(pause)

JACK. Do you think you'll recognize her?

MARY. Of course! Don't you?

JACK. Sure, I guess.

MARY. Hey! Do you remember when Aunt Gracie used to tell us that story about the crazed gorilla and you would get so scared.

JACK. I wasn't really scared.

MARY. You cried every time, Jack.

JACK. No I didn't.

MARY. Jack!

JACK. Ok, maybe I cried once.

MARY. (*quick inhale*) Oh, I think that was the turn-off.

JACK. You sure?

MARY. I think so.

JACK. Golly Mary, I told you to keep an eye out.

MARY. Sorry Jack. Just turn around up here and we'll go back. Don't worry we have plenty of time.

(*He turns the car.*)

MARY. It's so dark already.

JACK. Yep.

MARY. Here we are...

JACK. So turn left here?

MARY. ...Well now, I'm not sure. There's a windmill, but there was supposed to be a sign for the train station too.

JACK. Jeepers, this doesn't look right. Darn it. (*engine sputters*)

MARY. Jack! It's fine. We have plenty of time. Aunt Gracie's train isn't due – (*engine sputters*) What was that?

JACK. No! Look at the gas gauge! We need to find a service station quick. God-damn-it!

MARY. (*shocked inhale*)

Driving Interlude – Evert and Russell

(A model of JACK and MARY's car drives off. From the other side of the stage, headlights from a model of EVERT and RUSSELL's truck emerge in the distance. Sound of truck engine and faint singing.)

Evert and Russell – Singing. One Dragonfly.

(RUSSELL and EVERT driving at night, singing the song on the radio, “When I Get Too Old to Dream”. Their “truck” is the old ticket-booth, now somehow sporting headlights which point toward the audience. EVERT is at the wheel.)*

(Cut to: later in the night. They are singing another song together.)

(Cut to: EVERT is singing and RUSSELL is asleep.)

(Cut to:)

RUSSELL. But there’s nothing wrong with my hardwood floor.

EVERT. Well certainly your old flooring has given you a lot of pleasure and service. You are thoroughly familiar with its condition and I can understand why you feel that it is sufficient. But, Mr. Prospect, I don’t think I’d be able to sleep tonight if I didn’t feel I’d done my utmost to inform you of the new features of comfort and safety that science has brought into existence since you last made a home-flooring investment.

RUSSELL. Science?

EVERT. Yes, Science! Our new linoleum floor coverings provide features that cannot be duplicated through any other processes...features that, if you care about the well-being of your family, you’d happily give up your trusty hardwood friend to obtain. Let me ask you a difficult question: can you be certain your family can remain happy and healthy given your current flooring situation?

RUSSELL. Ahhhh, the devil doubt.

EVERT. The devil doubt.

RUSSELL. The devil doubt gets ’em every time. Nicely done, very nicely done.

*See Music Use Note on page 3.

EVERT. Thank you.

RUSSELL. Now you do me.

EVERT. Ok...Uh...Sir, I lost my house in last week's catastrophic flood. So I have no floor to cover.

RUSSELL. Well, Mr. Prospect, I am sorry for your loss, but happily we are used to solving all sorts of flooring dilemmas. Why not start rebuilding your life from the ground up...with our new *water resistant* Aqua TruBlend 25. My partner and I can start installation next week, as soon as we get back from a little place you might have heard of called HOLLYWOOD!

(They yip with excitement.)

EVERT. Golly, I just can't wait!

RUSSELL. Me too.

EVERT. Are you up for just driving straight on through the night?

RUSSELL. Of course. That'll give us an extra day.

EVERT. Palm trees, coconuts...

RUSSELL. That'll be something!

EVERT. Oranges on a tree. That is something I've NEVER seen before. Can't wait to see that. Cabinet riding fine?

RUSSELL. *(looking out the back window)* Uh...she's looking good.

EVERT. You know what, tomorrow, if it's not too late after we unload, let's find someplace and take in a show?

RUSSELL. Yeah!?

EVERT. Why the hell not. You know, we should see that one –

(A huge dragonfly splats against the window.)

RUSSELL. Whoa. Look, a little dragonfly. Poor guy.

EVERT. Poor little thing. Here lemme –

(Switches on wipers. It smears like crazy.)

EVERT & RUSSELL. Ugh. Man. *(etc.)*

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.